

## *Chapter 5*

### *“I Never Catch The Train”*

Charlie exhaled next to the Professor while the kid cursed.



A dark-skinned male peered at them through tall feathery weeds, exposing only his face and a long-shafted spear that reached at least three feet over his head.

His appearance started a domino effect. Soon thirty painted faces surrounded them, a group of men that looked like they were ready for war. You think the world revolves around one person, but then you meet someone new.

The wild birds screamed. No one moved or dared to breathe.

Like a compass pointing north, perspiration dripped down his face, and not just from the heat.

He'd brought his guitar with him for inspiration. Being a songwriter in his spare time prompted a crazy picture in his mind. All the sweat and struggle to get better every day was a challenge.

Yes, he knew what the picture in front of him meant. It was not inspiration, but a death march that might

be warranted, a goodbye song about the untimely death of a Professor turned warrior who died in the jungle, but someone else would have to sing it. It wouldn't be him.

The emotionless warriors were probably trained from birth. There was no doubt that before he could enjoy the opportunity to shoot one, he would find a spear protruding from his chest. That wouldn't be pleasant. It was not the way he thought he might go out of this world.



Like swaying on the deck of a boat in rough waters, the Professor closed his eyes and thanked the heavens for his life. Then, he took a long breath. He allowed the spirit world to take him where he stood. His head held high and his shoulders tall, he...

“Drop your weapons. This is the Muisca tribe,” said Catalina in a soft voice.

He opened his eyes and lowered his gun.

Catalina slowly moved forward, towards the first head that appeared and spoke in a language he didn't understand. A lot of times romance takes you to some very weird places.

He wasn't sure it would work. Just like missing your train, this might be the start of a bad day. Maybe he'd go mad, or he get jungle fever, but maybe he would not die at the end of a spear.

He hoped the latter would not happen.



The natives talked loudly with Catalina. He felt nervous.

“Go!” Catalina pointed to the trail and encouraged them to move forward.

His legs wouldn't budge though. They were frozen. Charlie looked confused until Gorilla grabbed her hand and moved them onward. Alvaro quickly joined them and went back to the lead. None of them turned around.

Catalina gave him a look that might've killed him had he not already felt like a dead man walking, but her expression got to him and he finally found the motivation to move.

He caught up to the group and the four of them never stopped or looked behind.

He wondered what kind of deal Catalina made with the natives. He hoped she was alright.

When their worn-out bodies refused to cooperate or continue any longer, Alvaro found them a place to sleep, even if it meant they left Catalina behind.

They crawled into a small cave. Charlie whimpered. Gorilla stepped on two huge hairy spiders with

unnerving eyes that watched them from any angle. The Professor placed his bag on the cold ground. The jungle had cooled off when the sun finally grilling the earth.

He checked for more spiders. Sarantos scanned the ceiling, the walls, and the floor. He didn't feel like being a late-night snack.

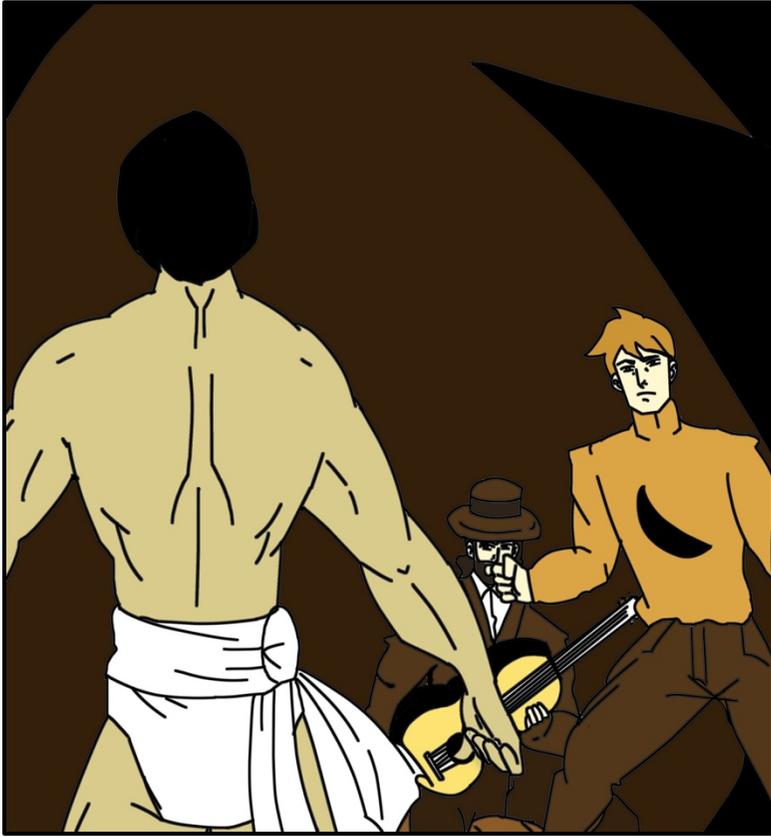
He turned and watched Charlie in the lantern's light. She was attractive and brave, diligently clearing away any wiry webs and spiders that she noticed. A throbbing level of anger and disappointment followed when he thought about Catalina.

"You okay, Alvaro?" He looked worried, and the Professor felt anxious as their guide was concerned and uneasy.

"Yes, Professor. I'm just worried about Catalina. That's never happened before, where she stayed behind." His voice strained. The echo in the dark cave was ominous.

The Professor wearily sat down on his bag. He thought the timing was right to pull out his guitar. As he plucked his guitar, he could taste the memories of Catalina. The acoustics in the cave were fantastic as the walls joined in the melody.

His voice quietly bounced off the damp walls as he smiled and sang. “You know I’m dreaming of a better life, I want to climb the charts, please whisper in my ear about the magic here, and your breath, your breath breathes about past regrets. If you want to be free, catch the train on time with me, there’s no way to escape it, if you can take it...”



He paused. The faces around him didn't smile, they just cracked.

In the doorway stood one of the Muisca warriors. He wore a loincloth that barely covered his private parts. His height was intimidating. His painted and incredibly muscular body rippled with finely chiseled features. A large ring protruded through his

nose, and his ear lobes hung from the weight of heavy earrings.

The stealth warrior was barefoot and held out his spear against his forehead directly in front of where he stood. Dark eyes that sparkled in the lantern's light shifted to each of them like they were on display.

The giant warrior lifted his spear, said a word, and then slammed it down in front of him in the same position it was just in.

The Professor was in a vulnerable position with guitar in hand. He swallowed politely while his mind raced to find an exit, or any way to survive.

Just like his song. There was no way to escape, that was his deduction.

The warrior stared at them. Like a totem pole, he stood frozen in place. Every look is a journey.

The Professor dared not move his head, but his eyes continue to look around, wondering if there was a secret path or road to escape.

This was not what happened to most archaeologists. Nothing or no one should trap him inside an unknown cave with a giant, facing off with the four of them.

Then the most gorgeous creature on this earth walked out of the darkness and stood next to the warrior. Catalina.

He couldn't help but smile.



She was serious and walked past the dark warrior, summoning them to join her in the middle of the room. Alvaro carried a lantern and set it down on the ground in front of them. He slid to the ground, legs crossed. They all did the same.

“I’m sorry I had to leave you, but I had no choice. The chief of their tribe took more from me than he had in the past. He felt I was disrespecting his people by taking advantage of their generous spirit by allowing more strangers in the home.”

Her head dropped, and she nodded, as if to herself. She had acknowledged to them how right the chieftain was, and how wrong she clearly was. She had to pay her respect.

Of course, Gorilla would be the first one to talk. “Why’d you bring the big six with you? If he’s alone, we could bump him off.”

“Gorilla!” Charlie’s voice rose like a mothers when their child needed to be reprimanded for naughty behavior.

“I’m just saying. What’s he doing here?”

“Bushwa, kid, be a little gentle. Can’t you see something’s terribly wrong with Catalina.”

He put his hand on hers and said, “We understand. Go ahead,”

Before he could finish, the warrior had him in a headlock and up off the ground.



He was choking and coughing violently and desperately trying to kick him where the sun didn't shine, but to no avail.

Everyone was on their feet.

Gorilla pulled his dagger, but the warrior turned and knocked it from his hand in a heartbeat, almost snapping his wrist. The kid yelled in pain and pulled Charlie away from the fire.

Charlie wouldn't allow it and jumped on the warriors back in one strong leap.

“Applesauce, let go of him, you big lug.” Her voice screamed crazily. That pitch would send normal men fleeing the area.

The Professor was still choking and felt his body weakened.

“Charlie make like the wind and blow!” The kid was a wreck, his wrist in pain, but he moved again on the big guy.

“Applesauce, applesauce, applesauce. Bushwa!”

Charlie’s colorful words scared Catalina into action. It all happened so fast.

“Stop Senta, stop.”

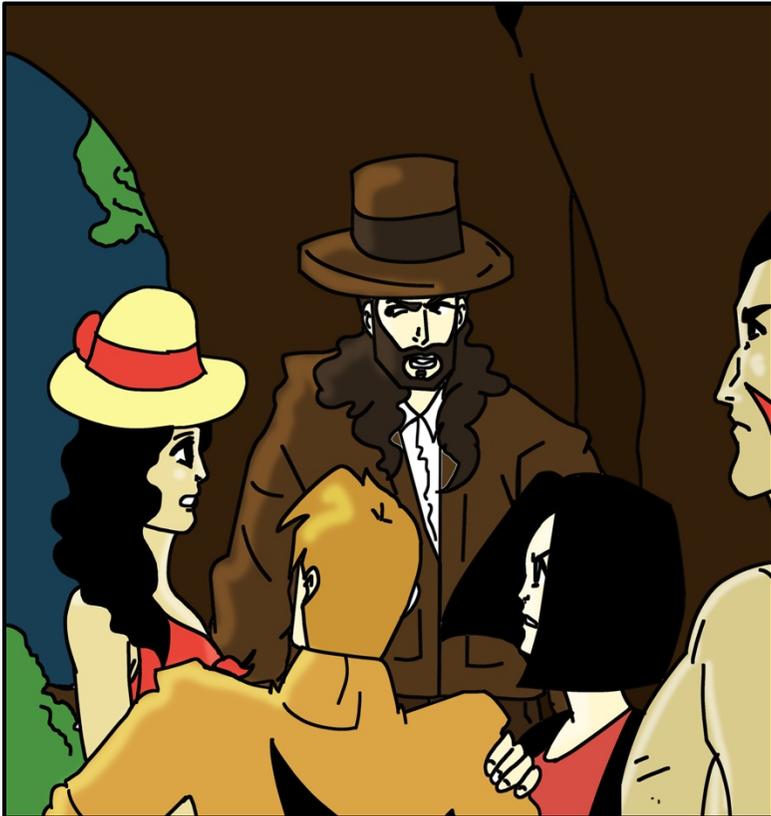
The warrior didn’t understand. She repeated her words but used their language. He released his grip. Sarantos able to breathe again fell to the ground.

Charlie was still on the giant’s back. He pulled her off him and sat her on the ground.

“What the hell happened there?” Sarantos coughed out.

“I’m sorry. You grabbed my hand before I could explain everything to you. You were seen as a threat.”

“What? That makes no sense and I want to know why is he here, too? Gorilla had a brilliant question that was never answered.”



“He is my husband.”

“What?” Her voice echoed in his ears like a dramatic scene from a Shakespearean play.

Charlie turned from the kid, and her mouth fell open. “Bushwa.”

Alvaro shook his head, almost denying what he might have already known.

“Oh, beautiful goddess, was he always wed to you? That’s a big alarm clock, lady.” The kid was in rare form. After he gathered up their belongings, he grabbed Charlie’s arm and pulled her towards the opening.

The Professor felt dazed. His head reeled. He would’ve married this woman without hesitation. How could she already be married? How could she not tell him she was married? Now, her husband was going to kill him. Goodbye cruel world. The confusion spread across his face. This guy was no match for him. He might have the body, the girth,

and obvious other benefits, but why would she lay with him at all? His heart shattered.

She spoke to her husband, and he nodded and stood by the door, but never took his eyes from him. The Professor drank in his smallness and most likely imagined every possible way he could eliminate him from the planet. His mind raced and his blood boiled. Sometimes, you just can't control the chaos.

Catalina looked sad.

Sarantos tilted his head and looked into her hurting eyes.

“I’m sorry. There was no choice. I had to become Senta’s wife so they wouldn’t kill all of you for intruding on their land today. He is kind and quite handsome. I could do worse. It is already done, and I am okay with it.”

“Then why the hell do you look so sad?? That’s just wrong, what you did. You should be with me, not him!”

“It had to be done, it’s their way. He will guard us while we sleep tonight.”

“That’s it? That’s all you have to say?”



“What would you like me to say? I have no other words. I saved your lives, is that not enough to do?”

“I’m sorry, Catalina, yes, it is. It’s more than enough. No more words are necessary. Thank you. I am here for you, my love. I will kiss your tears as they fall.”

Gorilla and Charlie crept back into the cave, but the kid made them sleep side by side, towards the back. He mumbled. “Yeah, thanks for saving my life.”

Charlie held onto the kids’ hand and articulated. “Thank you, Catalina, for protecting us and sacrificing yourself for our lives. We are forever indebted to you.”

Catalina smiled at all of them. “Now rest.” She went over and stood next to her husband, and said, “His name is Senta.”

The big guy pulled her close to him and kissed her passionately and caressed her breasts without

hesitation in front of them, then lifted her into the air and pulled her legs around his waist and walked her out of the cave and into the dull night.

The Professor wanted to barf. His world swam with crazy thoughts. He'd just found the love of his life, and now part of the future he visualized in his mind was outside making love to her new husband.



He could still taste her skin, even as their animalistic grunts drove a thousand needles into his brain. They were loud. He tried to cover his ears, but it didn't block out the sex.

Charlie had her backpack over her head and Gorilla just sat there with a stupid grin on his face. The kid might need a punch in the kisser. He was oblivious to the emotional grenade.

How would the Professor survive this? That man, the warrior, was too good. Oh, he could tell. The noise was the proof. He would need to calm himself. Your strengths can carry you thru a narrow path in life.

He grew excited at the thought of her. Sarantos wanted to run outside and pry her away from him for his own selfish desires, but that brute made her happy in ways he obviously couldn't.

He felt inadequate.

He would need to focus on the journey. It would be harder now, and he didn't know if he could do it without her. Time was running out. He lost to a native warrior, a chieftain's son. He was lost.

Should he go out there and pretend he couldn't sleep and just wanted to look at the stars? Just to get a glimpse of her? To see if she was ok?

Nope. Senta would kill him, after all he almost did over a simple hand touch.



It would be a long night...